

## The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.  
Published Daily Except Sunday by The Evening World Publishing Company, 43 Park Row, New York.  
J. ANGLIS, President, 43 Park Row.  
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 43 Park Row.  
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.  
Subscription Rates: In Advance For Foreign and the Continent and All Countries in the International Postal Union.  
One Year \$12.00 One Month \$1.00  
One Year \$12.00 One Month \$1.00  
VOLUME 57 NO. 20,100

## THE DUTY OF CONGRESS.

FROM the point of view of the public one distinct hope pierces the accumulated gloom of the railroad situation. Congress has quickened its mental processes. Congress has got it through its head that the country wants action. Senate and House leaders realize that what has to be done must be done without delay, and that extended debate will be listened to with scant patience by the public.

The eight-hour-day proposition has been rapidly embodied in a bill approved by the President, which its sponsor, Representative Adamson, expects the House to pass to-day. The Senate steering committee has taken up the eight-hour measure with similar alacrity. Congress has allied its bearings and put on third speed.

Republican representatives are reported of the opinion that to block the passage of an eight-hour law at this juncture would be "bad politics."

They are right. It would be the worst kind of politics. In fact, at the present moment the wisest politics for each and every member of Congress to pursue is no politics at all.

The country at large is not concerned with the political aspect or intricacies of the existing crisis. It sees only an impending calamity which all parties should work together to avert.

The will of the nation is that the menace of a general tie-up of its railroads shall be removed. Fair play for both sides in the dispute, but first of all protection for itself.

That demand is neither party issue nor party manoeuvre. It is national self-assertion born of national need. The nation's representatives in Congress assembled will do well to recognize the nature of that need and meet it with solid harmony and but one voice.

## WATCH FOOD PRICES.

CONSPIRACY to boost the prices of foodstuffs in markets where the poor of the city do their buying is charged by Commissioner of Weights and Measures Hartigan. Following recent investigations the Commissioner declares:

"I find there is every evidence of a conspiracy among certain Long Island farmers who sell large quantities of vegetables to the Wallabout, Gansevoort and Harlem markets. My tour of the markets shows that the guilty farmers have already advanced prices of vegetables 5 and 10 per cent. This is without the slightest justification and is little less than an actual crime."

With the example of some of the country's big food producers before them it would not be strange if local farmers were tempted to try a little surreptitious raising on the pocketbooks of small consumers. Among less enlightened customers the war continues to serve as a handy excuse for raising the price of almost anything from a cabbage to a cartwheel. The threat of a railroad strike is sure to suggest to unscrupulous producers new possibilities of price boosting.

As Secretary of Mayor Mitchell's Food Commission, Commissioner Hartigan will appeal to the Governor for an extraordinary session of the Legislature to find means of fixing food prices in this State in the event of a general railroad strike. As a last resort legislative action may prove necessary. So far publicity and diligence in enforcing present laws against conspiracy have proved fairly effective in putting a check upon local price boosters. They have tried it before—and failed.

## AT ITS WORST.

A BIG touring automobile, driven by a sixteen-year-old girl who "seemed to have mastered the workings of the car" after a few miles at the steering wheel, crashed into a stone wall on a Westchester County road early yesterday morning, instantly killing the sister of the girl who was running the machine and injuring the driver herself—probably fatally. Two men of the party, one of whom had allowed the younger of the two girls to take the wheel out of his hands, got off with bruises.

A tragic instance of automobile misuse at its reckless worst. A heavy motor vehicle, so far as weight and speed go little less destructive than a locomotive, hurtling along a public highway under the guidance of a sixteen-year-old girl whose experience in driving was a matter of minutes! What might have happened to other vehicles in her path?

When one thinks how many "big touring cars" are nightly in the hands of revellers returning from gay suppers wonder increases that automobile victims are so few. Neither motorists nor even the law are yet fully convinced that the motor car is anything but a big, exciting plaything.

## Letters From the People

**The Eight-Hour Day.**  
Your editorial, "No Room for King-Edwards Here," is much to the point. It would be well for all concerned in the pending railroad strike to realize that what the great American public wants will finally prevail, and not what the corporations or labor organizations demand.

The questions of the eight-hour day, recognition of the organizations as the proper authority to regulate hours, wages and working conditions, are issues the people should vote on in Congress or any other agency. There can be no doubt but that the public favors an eight-hour day.

This to a great extent will do away with strikes in the future. The people are as well qualified to decide as to their future industrial development as the Congress or any other agency. There can be no doubt but that the public favors an eight-hour day.

One year from now, when we will be preparing to put a municipal ticket in the field, the right of the railroad men of this city to organize and secure the eight-hour work day should be put up to the voters of this city with the understanding if the ticket favoring this is elected the entire transportation system of the city goes to the voters to decide the same day it is

## "The Public Be D—d!"

By J. H. Cassel



## The Origin Of Glass

THE earliest record of the existence of glass is found in Egypt during the Fifth or Sixth dynasty of the Pharaohs, or about 3500 years before the Christian Era, while some well preserved specimens of its fabrication have recently been discovered in the sepulchres of the period of 2500 B. C.

The glass of Egypt was generally opaque, rarely transparent, always colored and used for the making of articles of adornment, such as beads, vases of blue glass with finely chased wavy lines in white, light blue, yellow, black and red. It was not until nearly 2,000 years later—or 600 B. C.—that to exact—that transparent glass came into use for the manufacture of bottles and goblets. By this time, however, Egyptian glass had been extensively exported to Greece and Italy, the furnaces of Alexandria, under the Ptolemies, producing glass vases of beautiful design.

To the Phoenicians have many authorities awarded credit for the discovery attributed to the Egyptians, and it is certain that Sidon, the capital of Phoenicia, was at a very early period famous for glassware made by Artax and Irenawus from the sand brought down from Mount Carmel. Glass ornaments made by the Phoenicians were distributed through Greece and Italy, the beautifully moulded Sidonian vases being held in reverential esteem by Rome at the time of the Antonines.

While specimens of Egyptian and Phoenician glass were found in Greece in the time of Hierocles and Artax, it was not until 50 B. C. that its manufacture in the form of engraved stones and cameos became common among the Hellenes, the sphere of Archimedes, for example, being made of this substance.

Among the Romans the art of glass making does not date earlier than the beginning of the empire, but as far back as 55 B. C. the theatres had been decorated with mirrors and glass plates.

From decaying Rome the manufacture of glass was transferred to Constantinople, thence, in the sixth century, to Venice, which for many hundred years was to remain the centre of the industry, the Venetian goblets and drinking cups being exported all over the world.

The year 1673 saw the first manufacturing in England of drinking glasses and mirrors at the hands of Venetian artists brought over by the Duke of Buckingham, while in 1771 the first company of British plate glass manufacturers was established at Ravenhead, Lancashire.

In America glass works were established at Jamestown, 1603; at Salem, Mass., 1644, and in New York, 1683. Subsequently works were built in 1780 in New Hampshire, in 1792 at Boston, while plate glass was first made at Pittsburgh in 1852.

## Just a Wife—(Her Diary)

Edited by Janet Trevor

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

## CHAPTER LX.

CT. 16.—To-day it occurred to me that for more than a fortnight I had heard nothing from Patty Kane. Yet I was intensely curious to know how her experiment in training herself to be a wage-earner was turning out. So I telephoned to her directly after breakfast.

It seemed to me that even over the telephone I caught a new, vital note in her voice, although she spoke only in generalities.

"Yes, everything's going very well," she said. "Come over this afternoon, Mollie, and we'll have a good talk. I'll expect you any time after two."

As I rang off I wondered at her strange reserve. Then I considered that her husband might have been within earshot and when I saw her a few hours later she promptly informed me that was the case.

"Dan was late in going downtown this morning," she said, "and I didn't want to go into particulars. So far, he knows nothing about my intention of earning money."

"Would he object?" I asked.

"He'd be furious," Patty replied, calmly. "He thinks he gives me all the money I need. He would consider my plan a reflection upon his generosity, a deliberate insult. Oh, he's not going to know so long as I can help it."

"But how do you keep him from finding out?" I wondered.

"My machine and my instruction chart are tucked away every night before he comes home in the closet where I keep my things and the children's."

There is no life of a man, faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed.—THOMAS CARLYLE.

## Why Is the Sky Blue?

SUNLIGHT, which we call white, is composed of light rays of different colors—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet. It can be broken up into its constituent colors in various ways. If it passes through a transparent prism (like the crystals that hang from a chandelier) or if it falls on a surface which has almost invisibly minute irregularities (like mother-of-pearl or the wing of a butterfly) we see the rays into which sunlight has been separated. These phenomena are observed when light is not absorbed, says Popular Science Monthly.

Hold a piece of red glass in front of flame and we see only red. Rays of all other colors have been absorbed. The natural colors of the objects we see about us, leaves, flowers, books and chairs, depend upon absorption. A green leaf throws back brightly green rays; the rest are absorbed. So, the natural color of everything in nature is the unabsorbed residue from full white light. There is no such thing as color by itself.

A swarm of minute particles, scattered in the path of white light, will break it up, like the surface of mother-of-pearl. If the particles happen to be of just the right size and the spaces between them just the right distance, they will absorb rays of one color only and throw off the rest. The atmosphere is filled with countless dust particles, and their size and spacing is such that they scatter rays which we call sky blue. Nearer the horizon, larger particles turn the blue into white; this happens above a dusty town and when mists or clouds hang above the sea.

The sun's light, after passing through many miles of blue-scattering air, appears in the hues of sunset. The size and spacing of dust particles as well as the angle at which sunlight strikes them determines the color of the sky.

September

THE first appearance of September in the Roman calendar was as the seventh month of the year, which began with March. In 713 B. C. Numa added January and February to the year, and September became and has since continued to be the ninth month. This made its name a misnomer, for it was derived from "septimus," meaning seventh, and properly September would be called November, which is derived from "novem," meaning nine. The Roman Senate sought to give to September the name of Sibilus, and, except for the fact that the Emperor was a modest man and refused the honor, we might to-day be dating our letters "Sib. 1, 1916."

Other emperors sought the glory which Sibilus would not accept, and Domitian gave it his own name, Germanicus. The Senate under Antoninus Pius gave it the name of Antoninus; Commodus gave it his surname, Hercules; and Tacitus also gave it his own name, but none of them could "make it stick."

## Stories of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces.

By Albert Payson Terhune

## THE JAR OF OLIVES From The Arabic.

AL HOWAJA was a merchant of Bagdad. Being commanded to a vision to make the pilgrimage to the Prophet's Shrine, at the holy city of Mecca, he sold his shop and his goods.

First setting aside enough money for the journey, he changed what was left of his savings into one thousand gold pieces of highest value that this princely sum might support him on his return and for the remainder of his life.

Now Ali Howaja was sore troubled as to the best way to keep this hoard safe until he should come again to Bagdad. And, at last, he hit upon what seemed to him a wise plan.

He placed the gold pieces in the bottom of a huge jar, and he filled the jar with olives, and fastened a cover upon it. Then he took the great jar to Abou Nasif, a fellow-merchant and his dearest friend. And Ali Howaja said to Abou Nasif:

"I pray you, brother, let me place this jar of delicious Asafiri olives in your storehouse, that I may refresh myself with its contents, upon my return. As the olives are of a good flavor, and as I desire a feast of them when I come back, pray, swear to me that they shall not be disturbed in my absence."

Abou Nasif right willingly took oath, and he bade Ali Howaja place the jar himself in the storehouse.

Then Ali Howaja made the sacred Mecca pilgrimage, which every true believer must perform at least once in a lifetime if he would earn the title of "H. A. J." and the certainty of Paradise. And, after he had completed the pilgrimage, he journeyed after his olives, and he found the jar in the storehouse, and he found the olives as fresh as when he left them.

For more than six years Abou Nasif had taken no thought of the olive jar left in his keeping. Then chance to see it one day in his storehouse, he felt it was time to see if the olives were still fresh. He found them white with mold. Telling the jar to see if those near the bottom were fresher, he came upon the thousand pieces of gold. And, believing Ali Howaja had died (else he would surely have come hither during these seven years for his treasure), Abou Nasif took for himself the thousand pieces of gold and filled the jar with fresh olives and set back the jar where he had found it.

Soon thereafter Ali Howaja arrived at Bagdad, and he went to the storehouse of Abou Nasif and bore away the treasure jar. But when he found the gold pieces gone he filled the jar with his lamentations and he besought Abou Nasif to make good the theft. And Abou Nasif, facing toward Mecca, made oath that the jar had not been opened in all the years of Ali Howaja's absence. Then Ali Howaja hastened to the Khalif, demanding justice.

Now the night before the case was to be tried the Khalif chanced to see a group of boys at play. And one of the boys said to his comrades: "If I were the Khalif I should call upon several olive merchants to testify as to how long an olive will remain fresh. Then I should ask them if the olives in Ali Howaja's jar be seven years old or not."

The next day the Khalif acted on this hint. And the olive merchants examined the fruit in the jar and they declared it was of the present year's crop. Also they swore that no olive will remain unspoiled for more than three years. Abou Nasif, hearing this, fell upon his face and confessed the theft.

The Khalif sent for the boy whose cleverness had solved the mystery and bade him say what punishment should be dealt to this thief and perjuror. And the lad made shrewd answer:

"Oh, Commander of the Faithful, Allah hath given me the wisdom to prove Abou Nasif guilty. But Allah hath given the power of earthly punishment and of divine mercy unto you alone. It is not for a mere child to pronounce life-and-death judgment, but for you!"

## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

LITTLE Emma Jarr was sitting on the steps of the Jarr apartment and scattered out her dolls and other possessions on the step where she sat, so there was no possible room for the newcomer to take a place beside her, and said: "I ain't going to play with you any more. Go away!"

This newcomer, who was Miss Becky Slavinsky, regarded the speaker with admiration and alarm. "For why, Emma Jarr," she asked, "for why should I go away?"

"Because I got a new dress and mustn't be disturbed," said little Miss Jarr, with calm disdain. "After this I ain't going to play with nobody."

"Not with Mary Rangle, either?" asked little Miss Slavinsky.

"Not with her either," retorted Miss Jarr. "Please go away. I have a headache."

She said this in Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith's best manner, and the little Slavinsky girl leaped back behind the aliof Miss Jarr regarding her countenance in a small tin pan, though it were a mirror, and feigning to apply cosmetics.

"My! Such airs as Emma Jarr she is putting on!" little Miss Slavinsky reported to the other little girls of the neighborhood, who were grouped about a peddler of penny ice cream.

"She ain't never going to speak to any of us, so proud she is!"

Hearing this, even the proximity of an ice cream peddler on a hot day led its appeal to juvenile femininity. They all looked around in front of the flat house where the Jarrs lived.

Miss Emma Jarr still sat in state upon the top step, engrossed in making up her complexion with imaginary adjuncts.

Then, it would seem, an imaginary telephone rang. For little Miss Jarr, as though unconscious of the presence of the other little girls, said "Hello!" in a languid, modulated voice. "Oh, is that you, Mrs. Queen?" she asked.

"In your gold automobile at 8 to see the movies? To be sure! I shall be charmed!"

"Becky Slavinsky says you ain't going to play with none of us no more. Ain't you, Emmie?" asked little Mary Rangle, pleadingly.

Miss Jarr seated herself in the vehicle with great dignity, and then, with a condescending wave of her hand, dismissed her entourage. "Please don't wait for me," she said, with cold indifference.

But they all waited and helped her to alight at her own door, while Master Izzy Slavinsky, struck with his passenger's air of grandeur, asked if he might come again and give her a ride. She said she'd see.

Mrs. Jarr, beholding all these things from the front window, smiled proudly. "She'll lead society when she grows up," she said. "Why, how beautifully she snubs her dearest friends!"

## Facts Not Worth Knowing

By Arthur Baer

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

N O musical education is necessary to play a graphophone record.

There are places in the Alps where a tourist can drop 8,000 feet without any extra charge.

The best results are obtained if a plate of spaghetti is eaten in the opposite direction to which the hands of a clock rotate.

Pet whales are very scarce in North Dakota.

Thimbles can be prevented from squeaking by taking apart and oiling with thimble oil.

The safest way to hunt lions and leopards is by the correspondence method.